

WEEKLY



MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XI.—NO. 35.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1799.

WHOLE NO. 555.

HORRORS OF OAKENDALE ABBEY.

[Continued from our last.]

HE again looked at his brother's picture: again he examined the hand writing: it was certainly his brother's, for it was a remarkable hand; and again it recalled to his remembrance the thousand virtues which had marked his character, and the little value that had been placed upon them by those who stood in the nearest relation to him. Should Laura really be his niece, and the only surviving branch of the house of Oakendale, with what pleasure should he allow her the possession of that fortune, to which he derived as much claim from her virtues, as from hereditary right?

Such are the ties of nature, that his pride exulted in calling that woman niece, whom he had a short time before designed and solicited for prostitution.—During the time these reflections were passing in his mind, he sat musing without uttering a word: but as last recollecting Mr. Martin, he thanked him with unfeigned sincerity, and told him he had every reason to believe that he had seen the person, who exactly answered the description of the child, and whom he had no doubt was his niece.

He then proceeded to thank Mr. Martin for the trouble he had taken to convey the information to him: and, without telling him by what means he came there, he added, that he verily believed she was at this time concealed in an interior part of an old Abbey belonging to himself in Cumberland. That the next morning had been fixed for their journey there, to make an enquiry which the present information he had received would greatly accelerate.

Mr. Martin congratulated Lord Oakendale on the prospect of finding his niece; and here it may not seem improper to give our readers a more particular account of Laura's father, in order more clearly to elucidate the identity of her birth.

We have already mentioned that Captain William Carleton embarked with his regiment for the East Indies.

After being driven by contrary winds, they found themselves chased by an Algerine Corsair.

The spirit of the English determined to stand an engagement, in which they were victorious, and very soon boarded the Corsair. On her way to Sallee, to pay the ransom of her brother, who was a captive, there was a Greek Lady, of illustrious birth, and exquisite beauty, and with her four female attendants, who were taken prisoners. The gallantry of the English officers was exerted in acts of attention and consolation to the fair Greeks, who, together with the riches of the cargo, made it a prize worth the bravery of their nation.

The beauty of the chief captive whose name was Zempronia, was the subject of universal admiration: and the captain of the vessel appropriated to her his cabin, and gave her every accommodation that could render her situation such as to make her forget she was his prisoner: yet nothing could lessen or sooth her affliction: she wept incessantly, and every effort of attention was only answered by the most heart-rending sighs and la-

mentations: one of her attendants, about the age of sixteen, appeared the least unhappy. Her bewitching smiles, and captivating graces, fascinated the heart of William Carleton; a slight wound he had received in the engagement seemed to excite all her pity, and several tender glances had betrayed a reciprocal passion.

If the elegant person and accomplishments of William had attracted the admiration of Zelima, he was no less enamoured of the fair Greek. She learned his language with facility; but in that of love she was still a greater proficient: and, by the time they arrived at the port of Grand Canary, where they were to release the lady and her attendants, Zelima's heart was not less wounded than her lover's at the cruel idea of separation. She was charmed with all that he possessed. Her religion, her country, and her laws, were all sacrificed to the powerful passion of love; and an English priest, then residing at that port, tied the indissoluble knot.

She took leave of her mistress Zempronia with regret, but not with reluctance; all her duty, love and obedience, were alone due to her husband; and she attended her beloved William to the East, where her tender affection, and unremitting attention, rendered him the happiest of men.

He wrote to Lord Oakendale an account of his marriage with the fair Grecian, and anticipated the pleasure he should derive from presenting this lovely creature to his brother and sister, when the conclusion of war should allow him to return to England; but Lord Oakendale made his marrying a servant a pretence for never answering any of his letters; and three years after, when the Honorable William Carleton's name appeared in the list of those that were killed in battle, Lord Oakendale's heart only palpitated with a secret joy; that the many virtues, and universal good character of his brother, would no longer upbraid, and be a restraint upon his own vices. He put on the exterior of mourning; but he made no sort of inquiry after the widow of William Carleton, or wished to hear that he had left an heir or to his many virtues.

Thus were the ties of blood dissolved, and a deserted orphan left to seek that protection from strangers which she had a right to claim from relations so near to her. William Carleton had been a bad economist; he had a small younger brother's fortune, and his generous heart was too compassionate, and too liberal, to his fellow creatures, to allow him to be affluent. He was, indeed, too much engaged with his present felicity to make provision for future misfortune, and he was killed by a random shot in the moment of victory!

The fatal wound which deprived him of life was rendered still more poignant by the reflection of leaving Zelima but ill-provided for. She, indeed, did not experience the want of his attention; for no sooner were the fatal tidings brought her of William's death, than her heart sickened, and she only survived to cast a mournful look upon the mangled corpse of her husband, gave a convulsive shriek, and expired, leaving a female infant "unpitied, and forlorn!"

Lord Oakendale threw off all remembrance of his brother with his mourning, and from that time never thought more of the connexion. He followed his pleasures with unremitting avidity, till after the course of a few years, when his constitution began to warn him by frequent intimations that the career, in which he was so deeply engaged, would some day be interrupted.

In these moments of admonition he wished for he knew not what comforts and resources; real friends he had none. The tender endearments of a family he had never known, and his heart felt an aching void for those dear attentions and solicitudes, which can only be experienced from the tenderest ties.

In these irksome hours, the death of lady Oakendale was his ultimate wish, and opened to his fancy an inviting path, when he might be at liberty to marry some beautiful young creature, without fortune, whose gratitude would secure to him her affections, and whose youth and health would insure heirs to his possessions. But at the time these wishes were formed his hopes were vain; for lady Oakendale was then by no means likely to give him such a chance. Her health was her first care, and, to an excellent constitution she added the most studious attention to its preservation, living by rule, and studying the whole vocabulary of wholesomes. Neither did her present conduct afford him any other hope of breaking the marriage-tethers; for amidst the few virtues she did possess, she adhered strictly to that of chastity, allowing no kind of mercy to those who had been only suspected to have violated the marriage vow.

Such were Lord and lady Oakendale; when the former, finding his life every day more unhappy, and viewing the infirmities of old age at no great distance from him, he endeavored to beguile the tedious length of the summer-days, by visiting different water places, which were situated in the most un frequented and obscure parts of England, where he went by another name, in order to follow his favorite propensities; so that, when he returned to London, and again assumed his name and character as a senator, he might condemn those vices he had not only been practising himself, by seducing the innocent and unwary to fall into.

It was during the last summer that he had made an excursion to an interior part of South Wales; from whence his fancy led him to Milford-Haven, where, as he was one evening strolling near the sea, he accidentally met with Laura, the uncommon charms of whose person attracted his notice, and he soon formed a plan of becoming acquainted with her, which succeeding, he in a short time, found himself violently attached.

Her beauty was the least of her merit, and a certain refinement and delicacy which pervaded her whole manner, checked the licentious impulses which the charms of her person occasioned; and he found it necessary to be more upon his guard, and to act with more circumspection in the present case, than any he had ever before encountered.

Her sensible conversation, the observations she had made upon the world, as far as she had seen it, would have made her an entertaining companion, had no other charms captivated his senses; but, alluring as she was both in mind and person, he found it impossible to resist so engaging an object: he therefore discovered as much as he could of her story, and found her chief misfortune, and which the most lamented, was the loss of a lady who had brought her up, and from whom she was divided in her passage from France.

Having gathered thus much from her own account, he concluded she was the natural daughter of Monsieur du Frene, who had presented her to his wife as a foundling; that Monsieur was dead, and in all probability she would never again see Madame.

From these circumstances he considered her as a lawful prize for him, and would have immediately offered her a settlement as a mistress, had not a certain dignity, and modest superiority in her manner, awed his freedom, and prevented his making such a proposal. He was, however, determined not to lose her, and therefore formed the plan of enticing her to London, under pretence of placing her with a sister till she should discover Madame du Frene.

His insinuating manners and address soon gained upon the unsuspecting heart of Laura; she considered him as old enough to be her father; but for that reason he was still better calculated to be her friend, and she was charmed with the proposal of placing her with his sister. She felt veneration and esteem for Mr. Thoranby (the name he had assumed) and it was not till she arrived in London that she discovered the whole of his deception, which, when he endeavored to palliate and excuse by pleading the most ardent love, she solemnly vowed to sacrifice her life to her honor; and, as we have before observed, he sent her to Oakendale Abbey, in hopes that the solitude of the place would induce her to lend a more favorable ear to his wishes.

How did the retrospection of this part of his conduct now fill the mind of Lord Oakendale with corroding thoughts! A ray of gratitude to the Supreme Ruler of all events, who had not permitted him to commit a crime at which his soul shuddered, diffused over him sensations to which he had hitherto been a stranger. He made an ample confession to Mr. Martin of all his conduct, and lamented his errors in such terms of contrition and penitence, that Mr. Martin gave him all possible consolation, and readily joined the party, who were waiting to make the projected search at Oakendale Abbey; to which place their journey was completed as expeditiously as possible.

On their arrival at Oakendale, every thing remained in the state they had left it; and no vestige of any human being appeared to have traversed its gloomy apartments. They proceeded to the room which had, on more occasions than one, caused so much terror, being now a very strong party, properly armed, and every way determined to investigate the mystery.

Lord Oakendale himself led the way. The virtuous principle upon which he now searched for Laura, actuated his mind with a manly resolution; and he felt none of those perturbed tremblings which had assailed his heart on a former occasion.

In one hand he firmly grasped a pistol, in the other a short sword; and having excited his attendants boldly to follow his example, whatever they might encounter, he proceeded into the cloister.

[To be continued.]

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

Written in a Grove, near a Monument erected to her memory.

MILD be the breeze that fans the sacred grove,
Peace to the vale where Laura's ashes rest,
Never with foot unholly'd hither rove,
Th' unfeeling kind to leave thy urn unblest!

O gentle Spirit, yet, with look benign,
Smile on the spot where erst thou lov'dst to stray;
Where, rear'd by thee, the pensive flow'r's decline,
Shed all their fragrance, and their bright array.

And, oh! forgive, if recent grief attune
The tributary meed, in rustic lay,
To weep thee wafted from these groves too soon,
By kindred seraphs, to immortal day.

Here shall thou ever cause the heart-felt sigh,
Fancy thy form shall ever picture here,
As when the hectic blush and languid eye
Beam'd on the scene, and drew the frequent tear.

Ah! think not ye, who, with the sprightly throng,
In youth and beauty, midst the dances move;
Think not the Muse, though mournful be the song,
Forbids your smile, or would your joys reprove;
But yet remember (may remembrance teach!)
How late, how bright, departed Laura shone;
May her untimely fate give heed to each,
And sympathetic sighs her fate bemoan!

Though fair Hygeia's bloom upon the cheek,
Glow like the rose that scents the western gale,
Let equal beauty to th' unthinking speak,
Which one revolving moon had render'd pale.

No farther let the Muse her worth disclose,
Nor of her merit's praises trite rehearse,
As oft the eulogy abundant flows,
Unmerited, in adulation's verse.

Rather let each endearing tie that's broke
Impress her mem'ry in th' afflicted breast;
Teach us resign'd to meet the fatal stroke,
Be good as Laura, and as Laura blest.



From the BOSTON MERCURY.

THE PILGRIM.

An humble imitation of SOUTHEY'S SAPHICS.

NOW had the Pilgrim, tattered and way-worn,
Climb'd to the poor hut of an honest goat herd.
Ah, twas a sweet sight to the weary Pilgrim
To see him smile.

Long o'er the mountain, rugged, rough and rocky,
Did the weary Pilgrim clamber heavy hearted;
Now in the deep glen, now on the craggy cliff,
Where the tall pine grew.

Oft did the tempest, whistling through the dark wood,
Make his teeth chatter, as by the hanging rock
He stood for shelter. Then would the dripping rain
Mix as his tears fell.

Ah, poor forsaken, how hard thy heavy lot!
Thou hast no snug hut to keep off the keen blast;
Thou hast no cherub to prattle on thy fond knee
When thou art downcast.

Thy cot the cave is, noxious and vapary;
Thy babe the loan bat, or the dreary screech-owl;
Yet thou art patient. Ah, blest thee Pilgrim!
Soon ends thy journey.

As o'er the hoarse fall, lingering to ponder,
How has the deep roar, lost in thy reverie,
Cheated reflection! How, with oblivion,
Slept on the dead lake!

Thou still art happy, though thou art forsaken.
How o'er the dingle, when the dews of night fall,
Thou lov'st to wander as the lonely cuckoo

Sings in the moonlight.
Fierce beats the cold storm; hoarse to the heavy gale
Echoes the cataract. Housed with the goat-herd,
Yet is the Pilgrim grateful and contented

For his short shelter,
And, as the faggot crackles with the quick blaze,
Cheer'd with the pale gleam, while the swelling tear rolls
Slow down his white beard, seems to be in Heaven

After life's journey.

AMYNTOR.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ELIZA'S TOMB.

A FRAGMENT.

***** I reclined against a tomb-stone.---Oh! thou silent grave, thou mysterious repository of death; within thy dark and gloomy realms this weary body longs to be immured. In thee misfortune cannot wound, nor tyrant man inflict such poignant pangs as torture this delirious breast.

Scarce have I lived while eighteen summer suns have rob'd the earth in green, or the luxuriant orchards bent beneath their cumbrous load, and yet has man destroyed my every joy; dispoil'd my youthful spring of every charm, and froze in adamantine bonds the genial current of my soul. But let no murmuring be mine---even heaven itself conspires to crush the fallen wretch.---Hark! perch'd on yon bending spray, that waves in solemn majesty o'er the grassy tomb of ELIZA, how the sportive robin tunes his melodious notes; the groves resound, the meadows ring with-harmony. Oh! my ELIZA! and is thy lovely form now moulder'd in yon grave; those eyes that sparkled like the dewy star of eve, now sunk inanimate within their loathsome sockets, and thy tender bosom chilled of its warm perceptions by the cold icy hand of death? Yes! she is no more---her virtues swell the bosom of the tomb.

Ye happy moments that convey'd our joys, no more ye shall behold our loves; ye blissful scenes that witnessed our pure raptures, no more I pref're ELIZA to my bosom within your peaceful shade.---I fly!---In distant climes sequestered from the world I fondly hope to be at peace---to live forgotten, and to die unknown. *****

April 14.

I. S. D.



The following is extracted from a sermon, preached by the Ordinary of Newgate, after the escape of JACK SHEPHERD, a felon of notorious memory. It tends to shew how any thing may be spiritualized by an ingenuous or an enthusiastic preacher.

"WHAT amazing difficulties has he overcome! what astonishing things has he performed, for the sake of a miserable stinking old carcass not worth the hanging! how dexterously did he pick the padlock of his chain with a crooked nail---how manfully he burst his chains asunder---how intrepidly did he climb up the chimney, wrench out an iron bar, break his way through a stone wall, and make the doors of a dark entry fly before him till he got up the leads of the prison---and then fixing a blanket to the wall with the spike he stole out of the chapel, how resolutely did he defend to the top of the turnkey-house, and who cautiously pafs down the stairs and make his escape at the street door!

"Oh! that ye were all like JACK SHEPHERD!---Mis-take me not, my brethren, I mean not in a carnal but in a spiritual sense, for I mean to SPIRITUALIZE these things. What a shame would it be if we did not think it worth while to take as much pains and employ as many deep thoughts to save our souls, as he has done to preserve his body? Let me exhort you then to open the locks of your hearts with the nail of repentance, burst asunder the fetters of your beloved lusts, mount the chimney of hope, and take from thence a bar of good resolution, break through the stone wall of despair, and all the strong holds of the dark entry of the valley of the shadow of death; raise yourselves to the leads of Divine Meditation, fix the blanket of truth with the pike of the church, let yourselves down to the turnkey's house of resignation, and descend the stairs of humility: so shall you come to the door of deliverance from the prison of iniquity, and escape the clutches of that old executioner, the DEVIL, who goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour."



OLD SPANISH PROVERBS.

Experience and wisdom are the the two best fortunetellers.

Prayers and provender never hindered any man's journey. A covetous man makes a halfpenny of a farthing: and a liberal man makes sixpence of it.

Look upon a picture and a battle at a good distance. The husband must not see, and the wife must not be blind.

Vain glory is a flower which never comes to fruit.

If folly were pain, we should have great crying out in every house.

Your looking glass will tell you what none of your friends will.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1799.

Letter from a Young Gentleman of this city, belonging to the frigate United States, Com. Barry.

St Pierre, Martinique,
Ship Cicero, March 9, 1799.

"I have been here in this ship about 10 days, as prize master--she belongs to Liverpool, was captured by the French privateer schooner Democrat, and recaptured by the frigate United States and sent in here. Her cargo consists principally of live stock, such as oxen, jack-asses, horses, &c. and is valued at about 30,000 dollars of which I suppose one eighth will fall to us. She is a fine ship, of 430 tons, mounts 20 nine pounders, and carries 50 men, or rather 35 men and 15 boys. The privateer mounts 12 nine pounders, and had 100 men. They fought two hours and an half, and after the French had boarded her, fought on the deck three quarters. Out of 59 hands on board, the capt and 3 men were killed, and 25 wounded. Could I but give you a description of the scene this ship presented when we first took possession of her, it would make your heart shudder. Never were men so inhumanly mangled, and much of it done too after they had given up. A little boy, who was a favorite of the captain, was ordered by the Frenchmen to go aloft and haul down the colors; he cried, and said he could not, which was the fact. The Frenchman immediately up with his cutlass and cut his arm almost off, and otherwise wounded him in several places. The Englishmen, there can be no doubt, fought like men; everything on board proves it. The French had been in possession of her about 24 hours before we re-captured her, during which time not one of the poor fellows who had been wounded, had been dressed, nor a single bucket of water thrown on the deck. They were in a perfect gore of blood; infomuch, that when the ship would roll with the heave of the sea, the blood in the cabin run from side to side in a perfect current.

The capture of this ship ought to be a serious lesson to our merchants, how they fit out their vessels. They put on board 10 or a dozen guns with twice the number of men at the utmost, and then think she is able to cope with any thing she may possibly meet with. This is a great mistake. It is incredible how these Frenchmen fight, when driven to desperation. Having nothing to lose, and every thing to gain, wherever they see any thing that looks like plumb, nothing will deter them from attempting the most daring enterprise. The Democrat has taken two or three other ships of equal force, and carried them into Gaudeloupe. We found 30 Frenchmen on board this ship, who were put on board the frigate.

Capt M'Fall arrived here on Wednesday in 42 days from Spithead, informs, that on the 3d of March, two ships of the line, 6 frigates, and 200 sail of Transports, with 15,000 troops, sailed from Spithead for Portugal, to assist the Portuguese against the French.

[From a Philadelphia Paper of Wednesday.]

This day arrived the armed schooner Nancy, Captain Moody, in 11 days from Havannah.

Capt Moody informs, that when he left Havannah, it was currently reported and believed, that the ship Ocean, belonging to this port, mounting 22 guns, carrying 89 men and commanded by Capt Kemp, on her passage from New-York to Vera Cruz, in the Old Bahama Straights, was attacked by four French privateers, which after being several times beaten off, succeeded in boarding her, and afterwards, in a most inhuman and brutal manner, put every soul to death, except five or six, who secured themselves in the hold. These were at length forced by hunger to discover themselves, but were not involved in the fate of their unfortunate companions.

It is added, that the pirates having taken possession of their prize, retired to a small Key, called Cable Key, where a battery was erected for the purpose of defending the booty to be obtained by their depredations on our commerce. Here, after dividing the most valuable part of the cargo, and unshipping the guns, they sunk the vessel. The latter circumstance induced us to hope that the account is unfounded, as the Ocean sailed from New-York in ballast, and could, of course, afford no spoil to these marauders.

It is said there is in town a letter of a late date from a gentleman of this city, at Gibraltar; stating, that information had been received there, of the French having got in-

to Naples, and made a general slaughter of the Nobles, Religieuses, &c.

FREDERICKSBURG, April 5.

On Wednesday last about 7 o'clock in the evening, an alarming fire broke out in this town, which raged with considerable fury for some time; destroying in its course the shop of Mr. James Brown (where it broke out,) the dwelling houses of Mr. Wm Smock, Capt. Wheeler, the office of the Genius of Liberty, Mr. Wm. Pearson, Mr. Green with his printing office, and on the opposite side of the street, the whole range of brick buildings, the property of messrs. Patton and Hackley, together with a number of our houses, the property of the several gentlemen above mentioned. Its farther progress was here interrupted by the exertions of the citizens of this place, aided by those of the friendly inhabitants of Falmouth. It was with the utmost difficulty that the dwelling house of Mr. Glaesel, and Mr. Herndon's tavern, could be saved, both of which houses were several times on fire; the latter indeed lost a house which was a very few paces from his kitchen, and which adjoined the tavern. Had those houses been consumed, there was no doubt but the greater part of the lower end of the town must have been destroyed: So great were the apprehensions of the citizens that such would be the issue, that the tobacco in the ware houses (which are on Mr. Glaesel's lot) was removed. How the fire commenced, whether by accident or design, we have not ascertained, although we have every reason to suppose the latter; two other attempts having been made to fire the town within a week or two past, near the spot from whence the flames were first seen to issue.

In such a calamity it is impossible but there must have been great loss sustained besides the mere burning of the houses; no calculation has yet been made as we understand; indeed from the dispersion of the property removed, we do not suppose any person can with accuracy state his loss.

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[COMMUNICATION.]

ITALIAN FATHER.

IN the pleasure testified by the auditors of the Comedy of the Italian Father, we have another illustrious proof, that the human mind is not averse to receiving the lessons of morality, and that the stage is eminently calculated to point out the paths of truth and allure to the practice of virtue.

We think this play, if it had been play'd at the time the Stranger made its appearance among us, would have had as great popularity as that favorite Drama, and might with profit to the managers, have been repeated as often. It has been twice play'd; we witnessed it the second time with increased pleasure, and we doubt not that a third representation would give us an opportunity of discovering new beauties, and increase our admiration of the genius of the author.

The Stranger has but one advantage over the "Italian Father," which is, that its first scene concludes the play, whereas in the last mentioned piece, the effect of the very pathetic scene between Astrabel and her father is in some measure lost before the fall of the curtain, by means of the intervening comic scene which furnishes the under plot.

The comic part of the Italian Father is beyond comparison preferable in point of wit to that of the Stranger; though the effect produced by the exposure of Lodovico is not so great as that produced by the double exposure of Solomon and Peter in the Stranger.

Astrabel has some points in which she resembles Mrs. Haller, yet is the character distinctly, and by being thrown into circumstances so novel to the stage, has all the merit of originality.

Michael Brazzo is, in our opinion, one of the finest drawn characters the stage possesses, and gives an opportunity to the performer to display the sudden changes and furious effects of passion, in a mind of sensibility, more forcibly than any one dramatic picture we at this moment remember.

The character of Beraldo is necessarily second to Brazzo, yet is it forcible and happily managed, and in the hands of Mr. Coates flood prominent. The whole play appeared to be correctly represented, and will long continue to honour the stage.

DIED.

On Tuesday evening last, at Flushing, (L. I.) Mrs. ANN BORDEN, aged 95 years and 6 months, and 25 days.

On Thursday morning last, Col. WILLIAM DUER.

COURT of HYMEN.

OH! lost to happiness and life,
Who think the marriage chain
Is only link'd with briars and thorns,
And thick beset with pain.

MARRIED

On Wednesday the 10th inst at Philadelphia, by the Rev. Dr. Jones, minister of the Universal Church, JAMES ALEXANDER COUNT DE TILLY, to Miss MARIA MATILDA BINGHAM.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr Miller, Mr JOHN MILLEN, to Miss JANE HOSACK, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr Strobeck, Mr STEPHEN THORNE, to Miss SUSAN ANN SHERRY, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr Ireland, SAMUEL MURGATROYD, Esq. of Philadelphia, to Miss GOVERNEUR, daughter of Isaac Governeur, Esq. Same evening, by the Rev. Mr Milledoer, Mr WILLIAM BAKER, to Miss ELIZABETH SPERRY, daughter of Jacob Sperry, all of this city.

The Subscribers to the Museum who expect to remove on the 1st of May, are requested to leave their direction at the Office, no. 3 Peck-Slip.

NEW THEATRE.

THIS EVENING will be PRESENTED,

(4th and last time this season) A PLAY, in 5 acts,
Interspersed with Songs, Duets and Chorusses, called,

Count Benyowsky;

OR, THE

CONSPIRACY OF KAMSCHATKA.

With new Scenery, representing that inhospitable portion of the Globe, and Dresses displaying the Russian, Cossack, and Kamtschadal Costume.

[CHARACTERS IN THE BILLS.]

The following new Scenery:

Act 1st, View of a Village of the Exiles near Bolchereik.

SNOW SCENE

Act 2d, Inside of a KAMSCHADALE HUT.

Act 3d, Winter Landscape by Moon-light, covered with SNOW and ICE, as seen from the Rampsarts of the Castle of Bolchereik.

HALF-MOON DESCENDING.

Act 4th, View of the Harbour of Bolchereik, at the Mouth of the Bolchereik, which empties its waters into the Sea of Ochotck.

SHIP READY TO SAIL.

To which will be added,

A FARCE, in 2 Acts, called,

The Ghoft.

EDUCATION.

WILLIAM PIRSSON respectfully informs his friends and the public, that on the first day of May next, the Academy at no. 417 Pearl-Street, late the Rev. Mr Phillips's, will be again opened for the reception of Youth of both sexes, where will be taught the following branches of education, viz. English grammatically, Writing, Arithmetic, Bookkeeping, and Geography. The young ladies will be taught plain and fine Needle works, by Mrs Birson, in a separate apartment. They beg leave to offer their grateful acknowledgements to those ladies who have hitherto patronized her school, and hope that by their united exertions they will give ample satisfaction to those who may please to entrust their children to their care.

April, 20, 1799.

N. B. French, Music, and Drawing by eminent masters.

ROBERT and JOHN SHARP

HAVE removed from no. 91 William-Street, to no. 92 Maiden-Lane, the store lately occupied by Miss Mallaby and Durand, where they have for sale a general assortment of DRY GOODS.

April no. 15-16



COURT of APOLLO.

ON THE APPROACH OF MAY

WELOCOME, season blithe and gay!
Welcome charming month of May!
Spread thy beauties o'er each scene,
Flow'rets sweet and ever green.
Give me all that love can wish,
The glowing breast, the balmy kiss;
The welcome pressure, ne'er to part:
That welcome flowing from the heart.

Though distant scenes I may pervade,
Or seek the silent western shade:—
Though rapid torrents ceaseless roll,
And anxious cares pollies my soul,
Or intervening forests rise,
To screen me from the nymph I prize;
Yet still, even here, remembrance charms,
Remembrance sweet, my bosom warms,
And every joy, I once possest
Is yet alive within my breast.

O haste then season blithe and gay!
Hasten, charming month of May!
Spread thy flow'rets o'er the plain,
With garlands deck each Maid and swain;
Deck my nymph's beloved brow,
Bid her hear my artless vow;
Bid thy sun with splendor rise;
Gild with peace her ev'ning skies;
When at night her eyelids close,
Give her sweet, serene repose;
Let no anxious cares invest
The peace that reigns within her breast;
Full blest with her I ask no more,
Till thou shall change to change no more;
Then kindly give her to my arms;
To others give thy rural charms.

ANECDOTE.

AN Irish baronet, walking out with a gentleman, was met by his nurse, who requested charity. The baronet exclaimed vehemently, "I will give you nothing. You played me a scandalous trick in my infancy." The old woman, in amazement, asked him what injury she had done him? He answered, "I was a fine boy, and you changed me."

A Physical Notification to the Citizens of New-York.

IF there are any persons within this city, who are afflicted with any disorders of ever so long or short continuance, such as nervous, hysterical, dropsical, consumptive, rheumatical, or with the phthisic, asthma, hysterical, apoplectic, or fits of the falling sickness, numb palsy, either general or local, disabled limbs, excessive heat in some parts, and disagreeable cold in other parts of the body, pain in the stomach, head or breast, with palpitation, want of appetite, and want of power to digest any kind of wholesome food, worms in old or young, moveable or fixed pains in any part, excessive bleeding, or with almost a continual loss of blood, or fluids any way either of man or woman, or with any difficult swellings or sores of any kind, (excepting on those who have the Venereal disease,) moreover if any of those persons despair of relief from the established local physicians in town, and wish to apply to a stranger, who has really found out remedies for most all those disorders which have been heretofore considered as incurable, and he doubts not of compleat cures for them if applications be seasonably attended to, the above described may order enquiry to be made for assistance and relief, at no. 81 Chatham street.

N.B. Persons calling will please to leave their names, name of the street and numbers.

The first visit to persons in town, while said stranger resides in town, will be gratis, if no advice or medicines be given, neither will any be holden to pay any thing in consequence of leaving their names as above directed.

April 13, 1799.

53-47

SALE BY MORTGAGE.

WHEREAS James McLaughly, by an assignment or instrument of writing, bearing date the 1st day of May one thousand seven hundred and ninety eight, did assign, transfer, and let over unto Henry Felthousen, a certain indenture of lease, and all and singular the premises therein contained; which lease contains all that certain lot of ground, situate, lying and being in the seventh ward of the city of New-York, and known and distinguished in a certain map or chart thereof made among other lots, by Casimer Th. Goerck, by Lot number 495. Bounded westerly in front by Second-street, easterly in the rear by lot number 2, northerly by lot no. 496, and southerly by lot no. 494—Containing in breadth in front and rear each 25 feet, and in length on each side 75. To have and to hold the same from first day of May 1796, for 20 years, under certain covenants, rents and conditions in the lease annexed to the said mortgage mentioned and contained: Provided nevertheless that if the said James should pay to the said Henry fifty dollars on the first day of November last, pursuant to a certain sealed bill, bearing even date with the said assignment, then the said assignment was declared to be void; but if default should happen to be made in the said payment, then the said Henry was declared to have full power to sell and dispose of the said lease and premises at auction. And whereas default hath been made in the payment of the said money. Now therefore notice is hereby given that the said indenture of lease and premises, and all right and title of the said James thereto will be sold at public auction on the premises, on the tenth day of September next, at twelve o'clock noon of the same day, for the purpose of satisfying the principal and interest due on the said bill. Dated this 7th day of March 1799.

49-6m.

HENRY FELTHOUSEN.

GEORGE G. BUFFET,

No. 76 PEARL-STREET, NEW-YORK,
OFFERS the Ladies, Gentlemen, and Public at large,
the following article for sale very low for cash.

HAIR POWDER.

Best scented Marechalle,
do. Violet,
do. Bergamot,
do. Plain,

BROWN POWDER.

Marechalle,
Duchesse,
Bergamot,
Orris do,
Violet do.

POMATUMA.

Marechalle,
Duchesse,
Vanille,
Elliotrope,
Millefleur,
Bergamot,
Citron,
Lavender,
Bears Grease.

SCENT 736

Musk,
Bergamot,
Citron,
Lavender,
Thyme,
Rosemary.

SCENTED WATER.

Cologne,
Hungary,
Lavender,
Honey water,
Millefleur,
Carmy,
Bergamot,
Arquebusade, for swellings,
bruises; contusions, cuts,
scars, &c.

Orange flower,
Rose,
Noijau,
Red Lavender.

Spirits of Cochlearie,
Eff. Antiscorbutic, for the
gums.
Syrup Pectoral, for cold,
cough, and consumption.
The genuine Balsam of Life,
which will expel all pains
of the head and Stomach.
Pectoral Lozenges.
Peppermint do.

SHAVING SOAPS.

Best Naples,
Shaving Powder,
Eff. of Soap,
Windfor,
Italian squares.

Superfine Pearl Powder,
Superfine Rouge,
Lip Salve,
Silk Puffs,
Swadown Puffs,
Combs of all kinds,
Comb Brushes,
Tooth Brushes,
Tooth Powder,
Opist do.
Writing paper,
Wax, Wafers,
Ink-powder, Quills,
Blacking balls,
Tupee Iron,
Shaving boxes and brushes,
With a variety of other articles.

For Preventing and Curing the Yellow Fever.

Dr. ANGELIS, from Italy,

RESPECTFULLY informs the public and his friends, he has for Sale, prepared by himself, FOUR HERBS PILLS.—Their peculiar virtues being a certain and infallible cure of the Malignant or Putrid Fever, and which are as universally known and approved; by the most eminent physicians and others of all ranks in Italy, where sometimes the same Malignant Fever prevails; but not so dangerous, on account of the people taking these pills for preventing it immediately.—They feel a pain in the head or stomach, or shortness of respiration.

Dr. ANGELIS, during many years experience in hot climates, viz. France, Spain, Italy and Portugal, and from a series of practices in the hospitals in Naples, he knows the origin of it, and never has found any medicine so efficacious as his pills. In Philadelphia last summer, he restored a great many persons to health by the means of these excellent Four Herbs Pills—they are very convenient to travellers by sea or land, in case of any sudden complaint. They may be had in boxes with proper directions for using them, from half a dollar to a dollar each box, of the proprietor, Dr. Angelis. He can assure the public in general, that the infection is not imported, but originates in this country, and he will think it his duty to inform them whether there is reason to apprehend its return, one month before hand.

N. B. The Venereal Disease cured with promptitude, and without use of mercury— and if any kind of swelling originating from the same should appear, he will cure it without incision, or the harsh means used in general.

He also prepares very useful medical water as a preventive against the same.

He also prepares many different medicines to be taken inwardly for curing the Rheumatism, purifying the blood, & strengthens the nerves, and are very efficacious against most pains the human frame is subject to. Apply at no. 252 Water Street.

55-15.

Printed and Published by
JOHN HARRISON,
No. 3 Peck-Slip.

FOUND.

A TICKET in the State Road Lottery, the owner by proving property and paying for this advertisement, may have it again. Apply at this Office.

April 13, 1799.

54-4W.